Rachel Daveys hymn Book

Rachel Davey

Rachel Davey Her Book

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THIS BOOK PRESENTED BY

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Rachel Davey

WOODLAND ROAD, PITTSBURGH

A COLLECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS, WITH TUNES AFFIXED;

For the USE of the

Young Ladies' Academy

OF

Philadelphia.

By JOHN POOR, A. M. *Principal.*

PHILADELPHIA—

Printed and sold by JOHN M'CULLOCH, No. 1, North *Third-street*.—1794.

Rachel Davey her Book 1794

Rachel Daveys Book

dated 1794

To pleasures secred be this

[illegible] Steal this Bo

o my honoust frend dont steel
this Book for fear the geatis
Will be your End nacher

Daveys
Book

16 31 61 4
19 21 71 2
15 51 81 2

Brave

THE SONG OF PRAISE is an act of worship so delightful, and excellent, that we find it coeval with the sense of Deity, authorised by the example of all nations, and universally received into the solemnities of public worship. Under the *Jewish dispensation*, the Holy Spirit of God directed to this expression of homage, as peculiarly becoming the *place where his honour dwelleth*. The book of *Psalms*, as the name itself imports, was adapted to the voice of song. And the author of those invaluable odes well knew the sweetness, dignity, and animation that were hereby added to the sacred service of the temple. With what rapture do they describe its effects; with what fervour do they call upon their fellow-worshippers to join in this delightful duty—*It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O thou Most High. Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God, for it is pleasant, and praise is comely. O sing unto the Lord a new song; sing unto the Lord all the earth: sing unto the Lord; bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.* Nor hath *Christianity* dispensed with religious song as an unmeaning ceremony, or an unprofitable sacrifice. It commands us to address the Father *in spirit and in truth;* but it, nevertheless, enjoins those outward acknowledgements that fitly express and cherish the pious temper. Our blessed Lord was pleased to consecrate this act of worship by his own example, under circumstances the most affecting. He concluded the celebration of that supper, which was the memorial of his dying love, by an hymn of praise. And his apostles frequently exhort to the observance of this duty. *Let the word of God dwell in you richly in all wisdom: teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord.*

DIVINE SONG is undoubtedly the language of nature. It originates from our frame and constitution. Do lofty contemplation, elevated joy, and fervour of affection, give beauty and dignity to *language*, and associate with the charms of POETRY, by a kindred law which the Creator hath established, they pleasingly unite with strains of sweet and solemn HARMONY. And there are two principal views in which Music will appear to render eminent service to the sacrifice of praise:—

In the *1st* place, it suitably EXPRESSES the sentiments of Devotion, and the sublime delight which religion is fitted to inspire. Joy is the natural effect of praise, and SONG the proper accompaniment of joy. *Is any merry*, or glad, *let him sing psalms.* And singing is not only a general indication of delight, but expressive also of the prevailing sentiments and passions of the mind. It can accommodate itself to the various modifications of *love* and *joy*, the essence of a devotional temper. It hath lofty strains for the sublimity of admiration, plaintive accents which becomes the tear of penitence and sorrow; it can adopt the humble plea of supplication, or swell in the bolder notes of thank-

Rachel Farrey 1794

[illegible] not only decently expreſſes, but powerfully EXCITES and IMPROVES the devout affections. It is the prerogative of this noble art to cheer and invigorate the mind, to ſtill the tumultuous paſſions, to calm the troubled thoughts, and to fix the wandering attention. And hereby ſhe happily compoſes and prepares the heart for the exerciſes of public worſhip. But ſhe further boaſts a wondrous efficacy in leading to that peculiar temper which becomes the *ſubject* of praiſe, and is favourable to religious impreſſion. She can ſtrike the mind with ſolemnity and awe, or melt with tenderneſs and love; can animate with hope and gladneſs, or call forth the ſenſations of devout and affectionate ſorrow. Even ſeparate and unconnected, ſhe can influence the various paſſions and movements of the ſoul. But ſhe naturally ſeeks an alliance, and muſt be joined with becoming ſentiments and language in order to produce her full and proper effect. And never is her energy ſo conſpicuous and delightful, as when conſecrated to the ſervice of religion, and employed in *the courts of the living God*. Here ſhe diſplays her nobleſt uſe and her brighteſt glory. Here alone ſhe meets with themes that fill the capacity of an immortal mind, and claim its nobleſt powers and affections. What voice of ſong ſo honourable, ſo elevating and delightful? To whom ſhall the breath aſcend in melodious accents, if not to Him who firſt inſpired it? Where ſhall admiration take her loftieſt flight, but to the throne of the everlaſting Jehovah? Or what ſhall *awake our glory*, and kindle our warmeſt gratitude, if not the remembrance of his daily mercies, and the praiſes of redeeming love? When the union of the heart and voice is thus happily arranged; when ſublime ſubjects of praiſe are accompanied with expreſſive harmony, and the pleaſures of genuine devotion heightened by the charms of ſinging, we participate of the moſt pure, rational, noble, and exquiſite enjoyments that human nature is capable of receiving. The ſoul forgets her confinement with the body, is elevated beyond the cares and tumults of this mortal ſtate, and ſeems for a while tranſported to the bliſsful regions of perfect love and joy. And it is worthy of remark, that the ſacred writings delight to repreſent the heavenly felicity under this image. And though ſuch language be allowed to be figurative; though *eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath prepared for them that love him;* yet our moſt natural, our moſt juſt conceptions of the happineſs of the heavenly world, is that which we have been deſcribing, viz. ſublime devotion, accompanied with rapturous delight.

But beſides the more immediate propriety and uſe of Divine Song in the ordinances of religion, its *indirect* advantages have a claim to our regard. It is not only in itſelf delightful and profitable, but it gives animation to the other parts of public worſhip. It relieves the attention, recruits the exhauſted ſpirits, and begets a happy compoſure

and tranquillity. It is peculiarly agreeable as a ſocial act, and that in which every perſon may be employed. Nor is it the leaſt of its benefits, that it aſſociates pleaſing ideas with divine worſhip, and makes us *glad when we go into the houſe of the Lord.* It is alſo a bond of union in religious ſocieties, promotes the regular attendance of their members, and ſeldom fails of adding to their numbers. The early Chriſtians found their account in a remarkable attachment to pſalmody, and almoſt every riſing ſect have availed themſelves of its important delights and advantages. It muſt be confeſſed, that where pleaſure is the ſole attraction, the motive is of an inferior nature. But is it not a commendable policy to promote regular attendance upon places of worſhip, by any means that are not reprehenſible? Will not the moſt beneficial conſequences probably enſue? Is there not every reaſon to expect that perſons who frequent the houſe of God with this view alone, will not be unintereſted in the other ſevices of religion.—That the / who come to ſing may learn to pray, that they whoſe only wiſh was to be entertained may find themſelves inſtructed and improved.

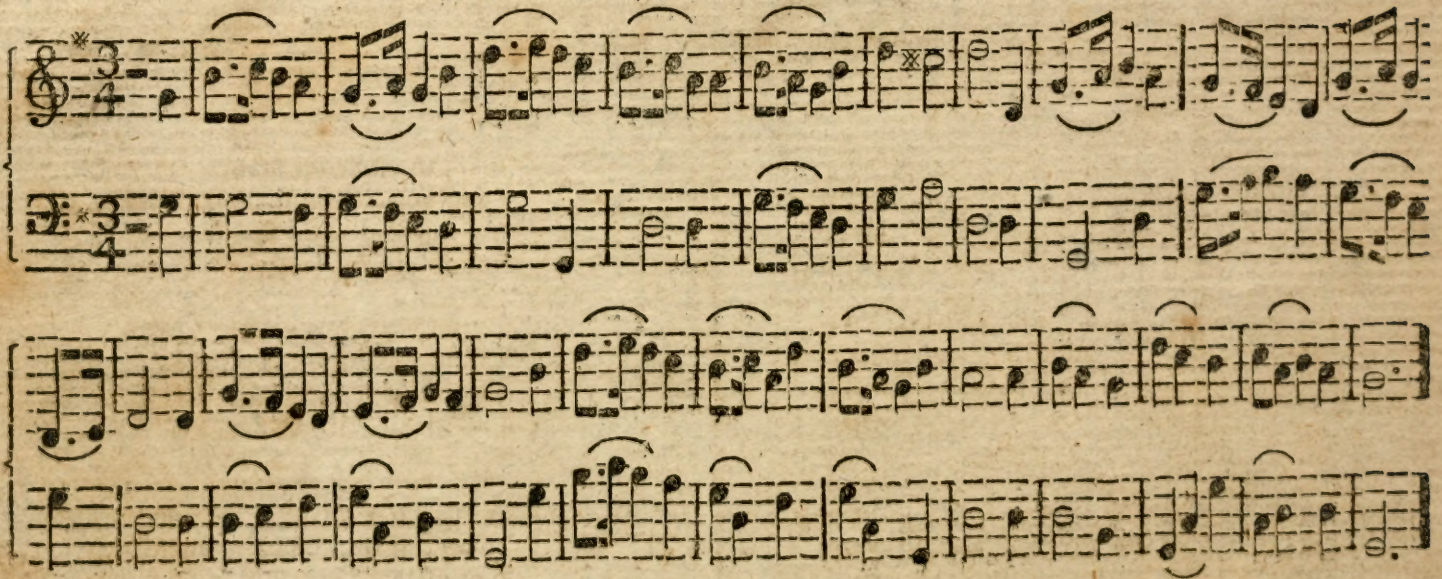
Such is the happy tendency of well-regulated ſong in the houſe of God. But alas! how ſeldom is this part of the ſervice accompanied with its proper effect. It was the remark of an eminent writer, too applicable to the preſent time, that "*the worſhip in which we ſhould moſt reſemble the inhabitants of Heaven, is the worſt performed upon earth.*" His pious labours have greatly enriched the *matter* of ſong, and hereby contributed to remove one cauſe of this complaint, but in the *manner* there ſtill remains a miſerable defect. Too often does a diſgraceful ſilence prevail to the utter neglect of this duty. Too often are diſſonance and diſcord ſubſtituted for the charms of melody and harmony; and the *ſinging* performed in a way ſo careleſsly and indecently, that, as the ſame writer obſerves, "*inſtead of elevating our devotions to the moſt divine and delightful ſenſations, it awakens our regret, and touches all the ſprings of uneaſineſs within us.*"

But is this owing to cauſes that cannot be removed, or doth it not imply reproach and blame? Will not truth oblige us to confeſs, that the fault reſts not in the want of natural taſte and abilities, nor of ſufficient leiſure, but in groſs careleſſneſs and neglect? Moderate attention and application would ſurmount every difficulty, and lead to a ſuitable proficiency in this happy art. An exerciſe ſo pleaſing and attractive, ſeems only to want regulation and method."

Rachel Davey Harriſon.

Book
Dall 1790

WESTON FAVEL. C. M.



COME let us join our cheerful ſongs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

How ſhall the young ſecure their hearts,
And guard their lives from ſin?
Thy word the choiceſt rules imparts
To keep the conſcience clean.

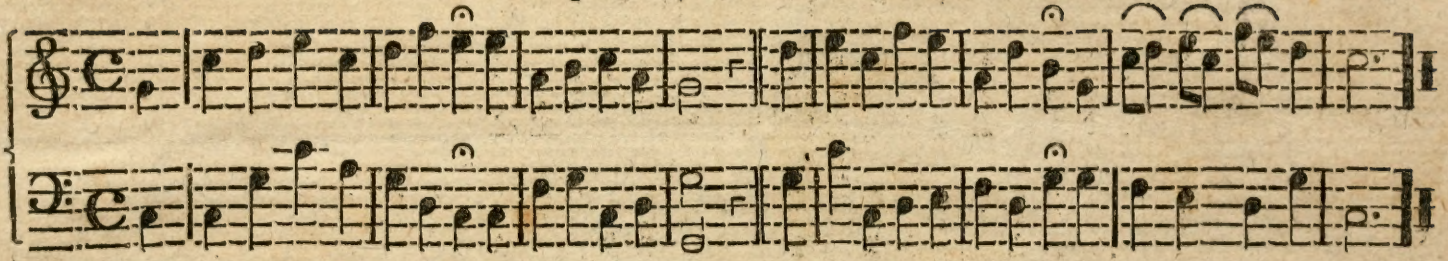
When once it enters 'to the mind,
It ſpreads ſuch light abroad,
The meaneſt ſouls inſtruction find,
And raiſe their thoughts to God.

'Tis like the ſun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

The ſtarry heav'ns thy rules obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And theſe, thy ſervants, night and day,
Thy ſkill and pow'r expreſs.

But ſtill thy law and goſpel, Lord,
Have leſſons more divine;
Not earth ſtands firmer than thy word,
Nor ſtars ſo nobly ſhine.

Thy word is everlaſting truth;
How pure is ev'ry page:
That holy book ſhall guide our youth,
And well ſupport our age.



THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame?
What dying worms are we.

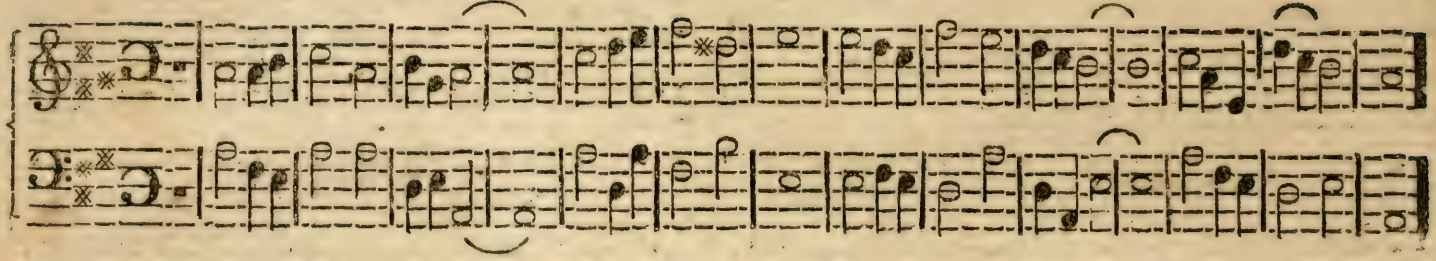
Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As months and days increaſe,
And every beating pulſe we tell
Leaves but the number leſs.

The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the ground,
To puſh us to the tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

Good God! on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things?
Th' eternal ſtates of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble ſtrings.

Infinite joy, or endleſs wo,
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!



WHO ſhall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holineſs?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace.

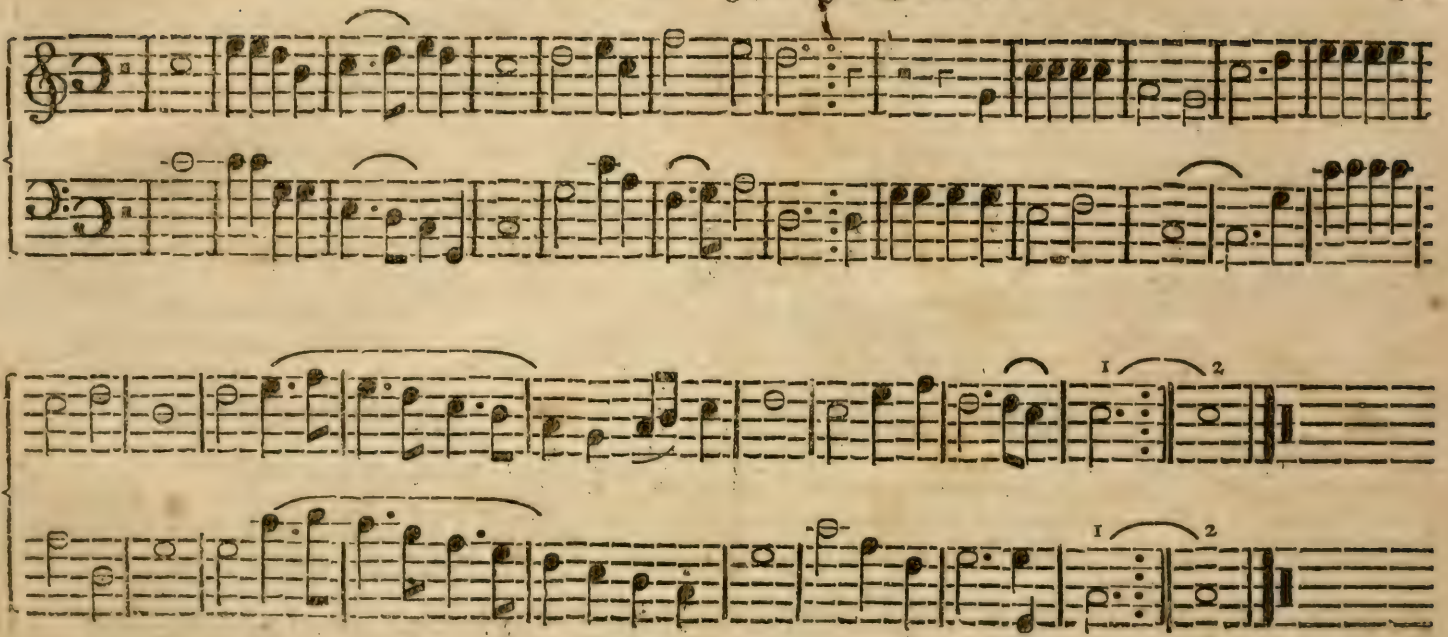
The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
And truſt's his Maker's promis'd grace,
And follows his commands.

He ſpeaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor ſlanders with his tongue;
Will ſcarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

The wealthy ſinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he ſwears,
Still he performs his word.

His hand diſdains a golden bribe,
And never wrongs the poor;
This man ſhall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heav'n ſecure.

O that the joyful day was come
To finiſh our diſtreſs;
When God ſhall bring his children home
Our ſongs ſhall never ceaſe.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Through all the changing ſcenes of life,
In trouble and in joy;
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliverance I will boaſt,
Till all that are diſtreſt,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to reſt.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in diſtreſs to him I call'd,
He to reſcue me came.

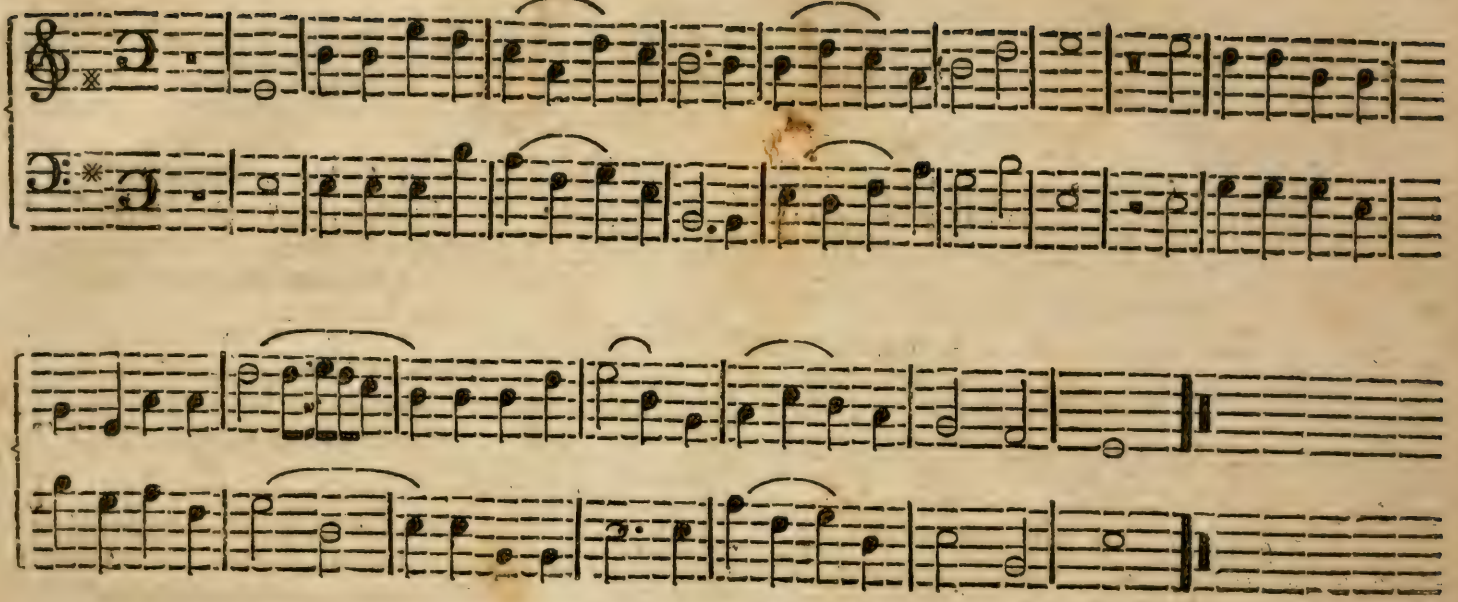
Their drooping hearts are ſoon refreſh'd,
Who look to him for aid:
Deſir'd ſucceſs in ev'ry face,
A cheerful air diſplay'd.

The hoſts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the juſt;
Deliv'rance he affords to all,
Who on his ſuccour truſt.

O! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How bleſs'd they are, and only they
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye ſaints, and you will then
Have nothing elſe to fear:
Make you his ſervice your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide,
For ſuch as put their truſt in him,
And ſee their needs ſupply'd.



Henry Thomas

CHILDREN, to your Creator God,
Your early honours pay,
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts aſtray.

The mem'ry of his mighty name,
Demands your firſt regard;
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
Till you have lov'd the Lord.

Be wiſe, and make his favour ſure,
Before the mournful days,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and ſtrength decays.

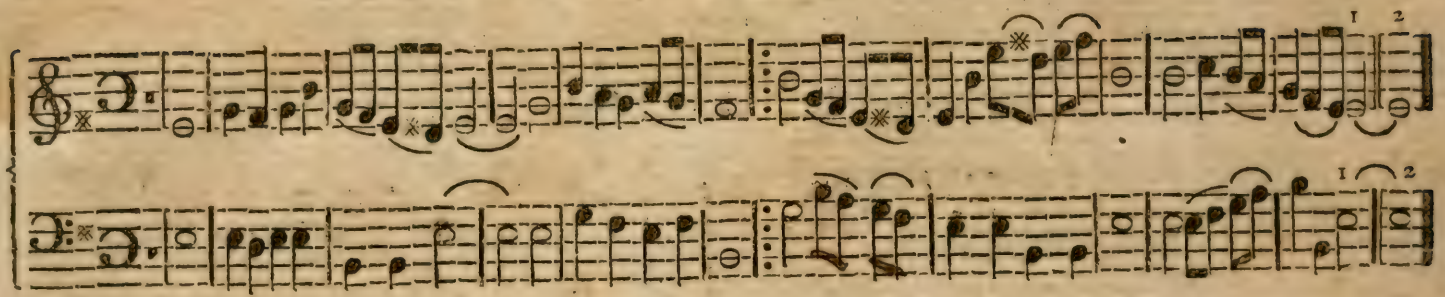
No more the bleſſings of a feaſt
Shall reliſh on the tongue:
The heavy ear forgets the taſte
And pleaſure of a ſong.

Old age, with all her diſmal train,
Invades your golden years
With ſighs, and groans, and raging pain,
And death that never ſpares.

What will you do when light departs,
And leaves your withering eyes,
Without one beam to chear your hearts,
From the ſuperior ſkies?

How will you meet God's frowning brow,
Or ſtand before his ſeat,
While nature's old ſupporters bow,
Nor bear their tott'ring weight?

Can you expect your feeble arms
Shall make a ſtrong defence,
When death with terrible alarms,
Summons the pris'ner hence?



TEACH me the meaſure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would ſurvey life's narrow ſpace,
And learn how frail I am.

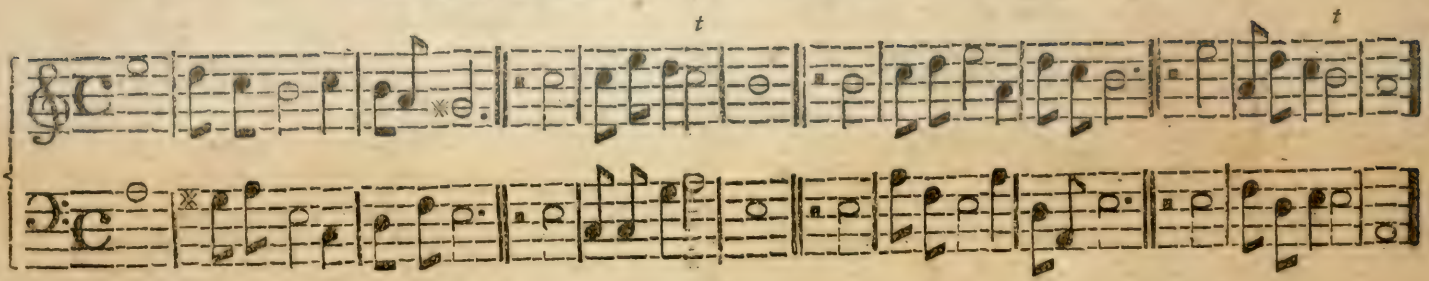
A ſpan is all that we can boaſt,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and duſt,
In all his flower and prime.

See the vain race of mortals move,
Like ſhadows o'er the plain;
They rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,
But all the noiſe is vain.

Some walk in honours gaudy ſhew,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And ſtraight are ſeen no more.

What ſhould I wiſh or wait for then
From creatures, earth and duſt,
They make our expectations vain,
And diſappoint our truſt.

Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond deſires recal!
I give my mortal intereſt up,
And make my God my all.

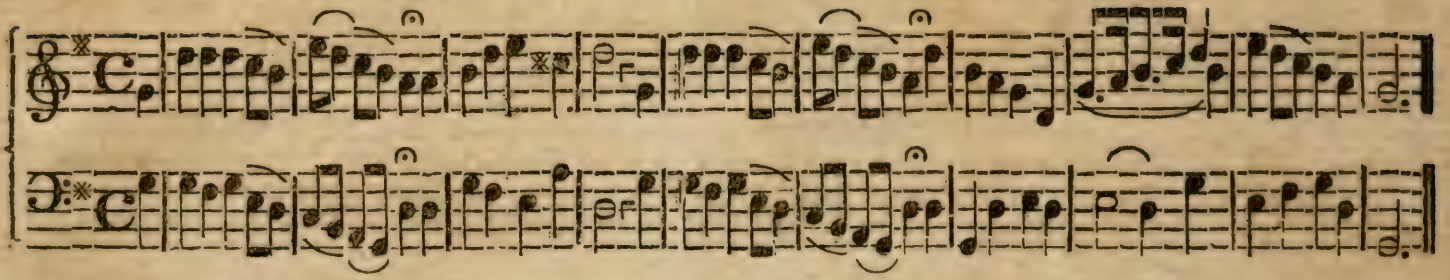


HARK! from the tombs a doleful ſound,
My ears attend the cry;
"Ye living men come view the ground
Where you muſt ſhortly lie.

Princes, this clay muſt be your bed,
In ſpite of all your tow'rs;
The tall, the wiſe, the rev'rend head,
Muſt lie as low as ours."

Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we ſtill ſecure!
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more.

Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To fit our ſouls to fly:
Then when we drop this dying fleſh,
We'll riſe above the ſky.



WHILE ſhepherds watch their flocks by night,
All ſeated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory ſhone around.

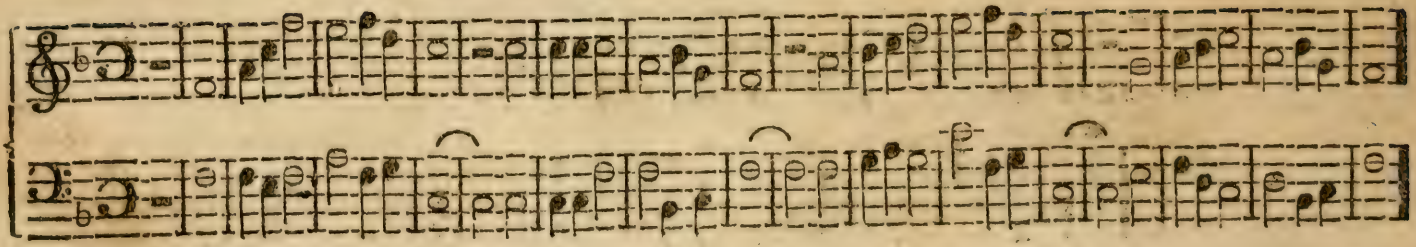
Fear not, ſaid he; for mighty dread
Had ſeiz'd their troubled mind;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Chriſt the Lord;
And this ſhall be the ſign—

The heav'nly babe you there ſhall find,
To human view diſplay'd,
All meanly wrapt in ſwadling bands,
And in a manger laid.

Thus ſpake the ſeraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a ſhining throng
Of angels, praiſing God, who thus
Addreſs'd their joyful ſong:

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace,
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men,
Begin and never ceaſe.



SHEW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

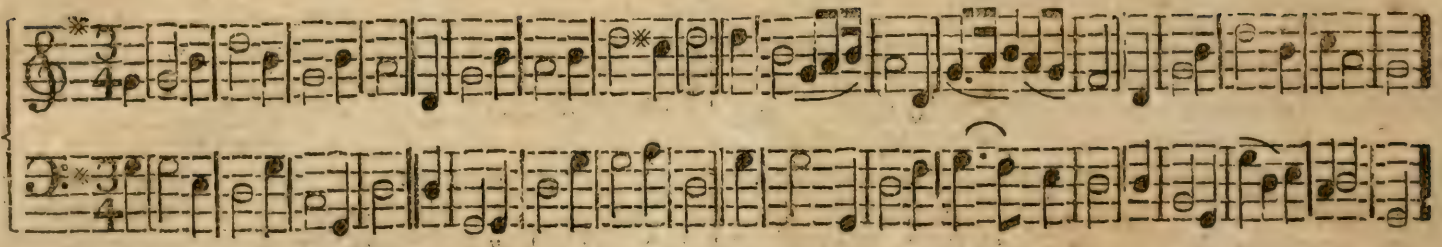
My crimes are great, but not surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace:
Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

O! wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.



GREAT God, attend, while Zion ſings
The joy that from thy preſence ſprings;
To ſpend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thouſand days of mirth.

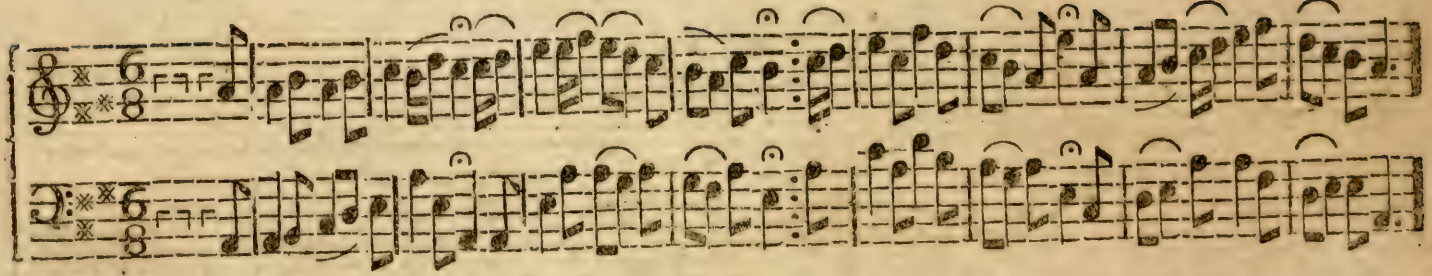
Might I enjoy the meaneſt place
Within thy houſe, O God of grace,
Not tents of eaſe, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

God is our ſun, he makes our day:
God is our ſhield, he guards our way
From all th' aſſaults of hell and ſin,
From foes without and foes within.

All needful grace will God beſtow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and with-holds
No real good from upright ſouls.

O God, our King, whoſe ſovereign ſway
The glorious hoſts of heav'n obey,
And devils at thy preſence flee—
Bleſt is the man that truſts in thee.

CXXXVI. L. M. 18th *Psalm*, D. W.



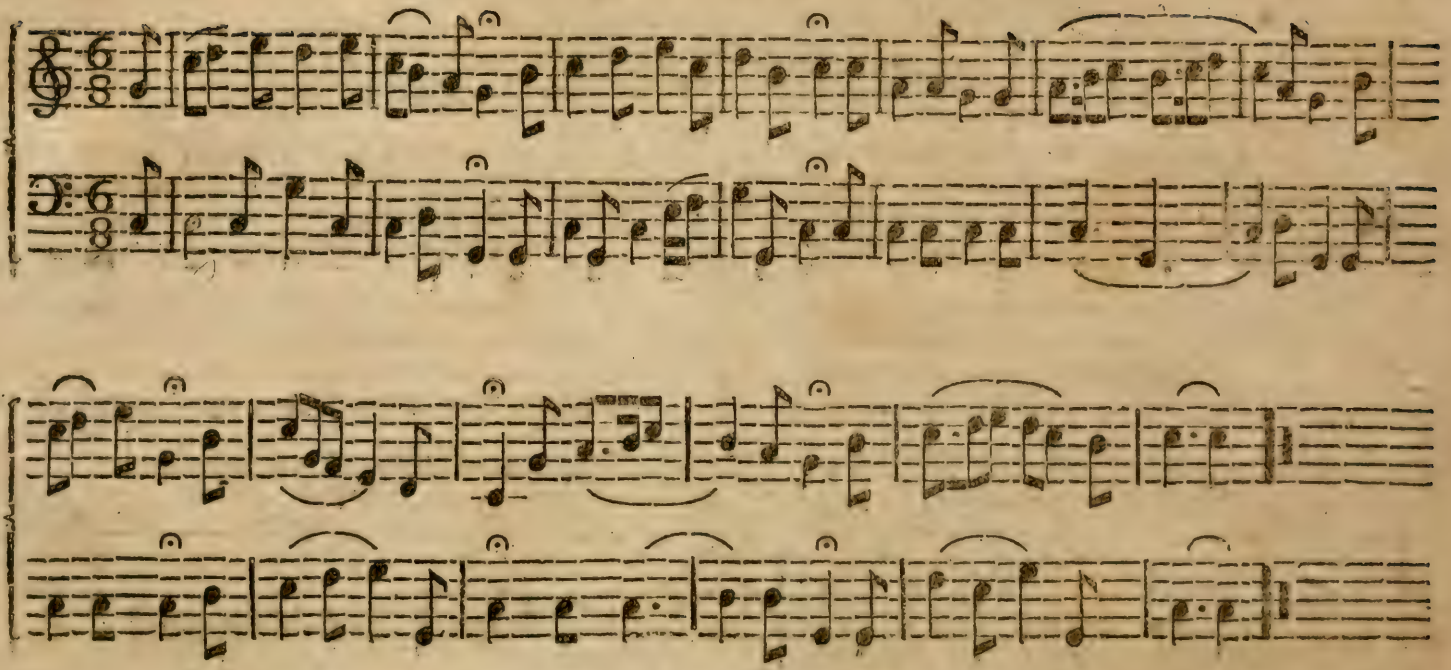
LORD what is man, when made at firſt?
Adam the offſpring of the duſt;
That thou ſhouldſt ſet him and his race,
But juſt below an angel's place.—

That thou ſhould'ſt raiſe his nature ſo,
And make him Lord of all below;
Make every beaſt and bird-ſubmit,
And lay the fiſhes at his feet.

But O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the ſecond Adam's ſtate;
What honours ſhall thy Son adorn,
Who condeſcended to be born.

See him below his angels made,
Behold him number'd with the dead,
To ſave a ruin'd world from ſin:
But he ſhall reign with pow'r divine.

The world to come, redeem'd from all
The miſeries that attend the fall;
New-made, and glorious, ſhall ſubmit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.



MY ſoul, thy great Creator praiſe,
When cloth'd in his celeſtial rays;
He in full majeſty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

The heav'ns are for his curtains ſpread,
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariots, when he flies
On winged ſtorms, acroſs the ſkies.

Angels, whom his own breath inſpires,
His miniſters are flaming fires;
And ſwift as thought their armies move,
To bear his vengeance, or his love.

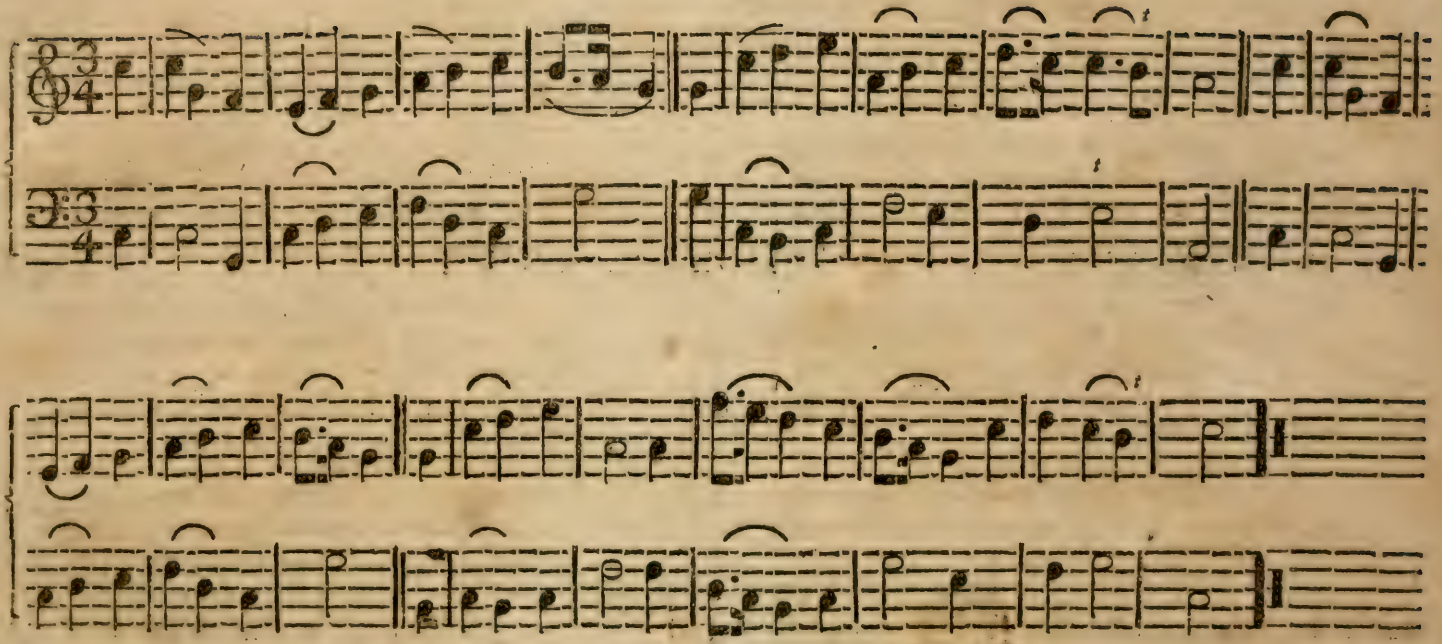
The world's foundation by his hand
Is pois'd, and ſhall for ever ſtand:
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Leſt it ſhould drown the earth again.

When earth was cover'd with the flood, [21
Which high above the mountains ſtood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

The ſwelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Refreſhing ſtreams, by ſecret veins,
Break from the hills, and drench the plains.

He bids the cryſtal fountains flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go:
There gentle herds their thirſt allay,
And for the ſtream wild aſſes bray.

From pleaſant trees which ſhade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their ſongs the lark and linnet raiſe,
And chide our ſilence in his praiſe.



THIS life's a dream, an empty ſhow,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere—
When ſhall I 'wake and find me there.

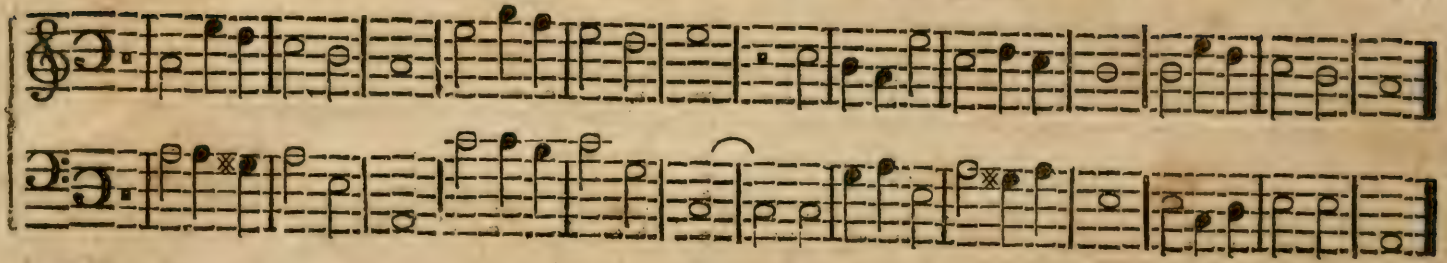
O glorious hour! O bleſt abode!
I ſhall be near—and like my God;
And fleſh and ſin no more controul
The ſacred pleaſures of the ſoul.

My fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the ground
Till the laſt trumpet's joyful ſound,
Then burſt the chains with ſweet ſurpriſe,
And in my Saviour's image riſe.

Jeſus ſhall reign where'er the ſun
Does his ſucceſſive journeys run;
His kingdom ſtretch from ſhore to ſhore,
Till moons ſhall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with ſweeteſt ſong,
And infant voices ſhall proclaim
The early bleſſings of his name.

Let every creature riſe and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels deſcend with ſongs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.



BEHOLD the lofty ſky
Declares it's maker God,
And all the ſtarry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

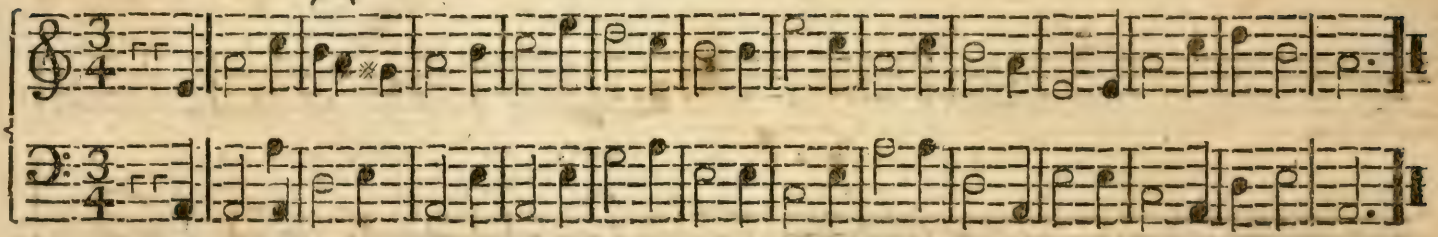
The darkneſs and the light
Still keep their courſe the ſame;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

In ev'ry diff'rent land
Their gen'ral voice is known;
They ſhow the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

Ye Chriſtian lands rejoice,
Here he reveals his word:
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.

His ſtatutes and commands
Are ſet before our eyes,
He puts his goſpel in our hands,
Where our ſalvation lies.

His laws are juſt and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promiſes for ever ſure,
And his rewards are great.



I Lift my ſoul to God,
My truſt is in his name;
Let not my foes that ſeek my blood
Still triumph in my ſhame.

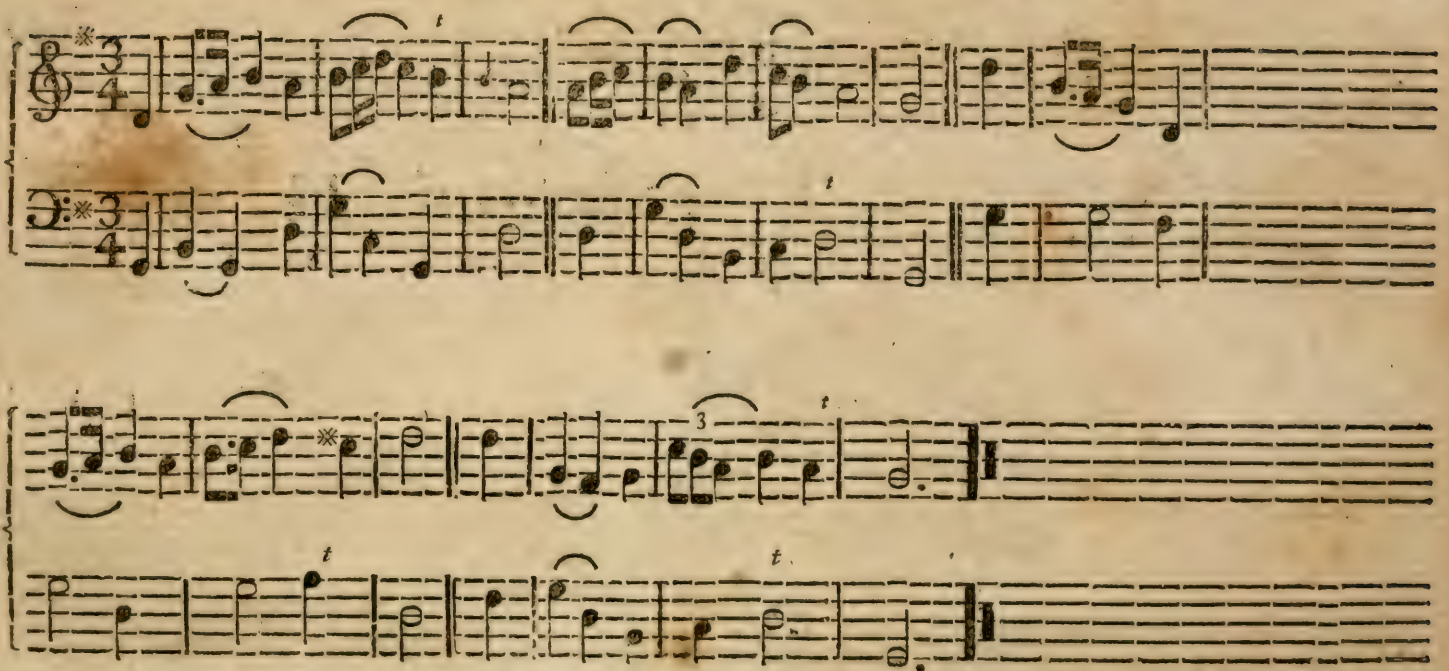
Sin and the powers of hell
Perſuade me to deſpair:
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'ſcape the ſnare.

The Lord is juſt and kind,
The meek ſhall learn his ways,
And ev'ry humble ſinner find
The methods of his grace.

From beams of dawning light,
Till ev'ning ſhades ariſe,
For thy ſalvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever longing eyes.

Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth:
Forgive the ſins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

For his own goodneſs ſake,
He ſaves my ſoul from ſhame;
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.



THE man is ever bleſs'd
  Who ſhuns the ſinner's ways;
Among their council never ſtands,
  Nor takes the ſcorner's ſeat.

But makes the law of God
  His ſtudy and delight,
Amidſt the labours of the day,
  And watches of the night.

He like a tree ſhall thrive,
  With waters near the root;
Freſh as the leaf his name ſhall live,
  His works are heav'nly fruit.

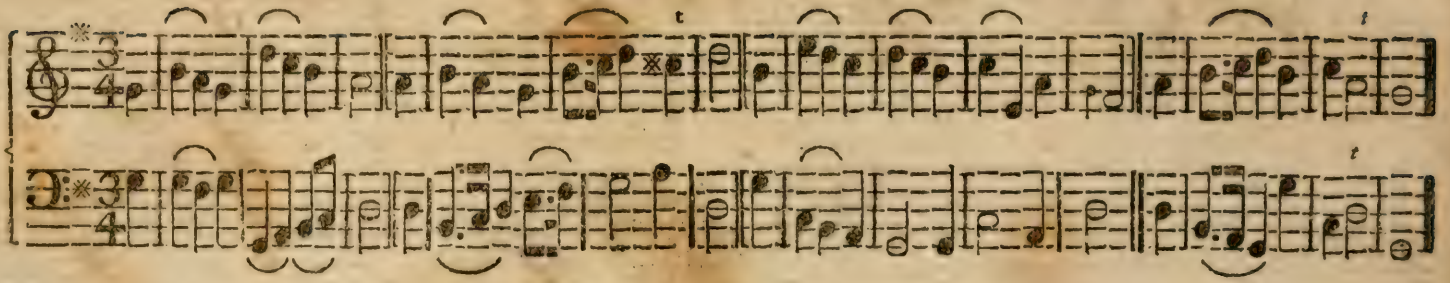
Not ſo th' ungodly race,
  They no ſuch bleſſings find;
Their hopes ſhall flee like empty chaff
  Before the driving wind.

How ſhall they bear to ſtand
  Before that judgment ſeat;
Where all the ſaints, at Chriſt's right hand,
  In full aſſembly meet?

He knows and he approves
  The way the righteous go;
But ſinners, and their works, ſhall meet
  A dreadful overthrow.

Rachel Tarry Her Book

NEW CASTLE. S. M. 48*th Pſalm, D. W.*



FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praiſe;
Thy ſaints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their ſongs of honour raiſe.

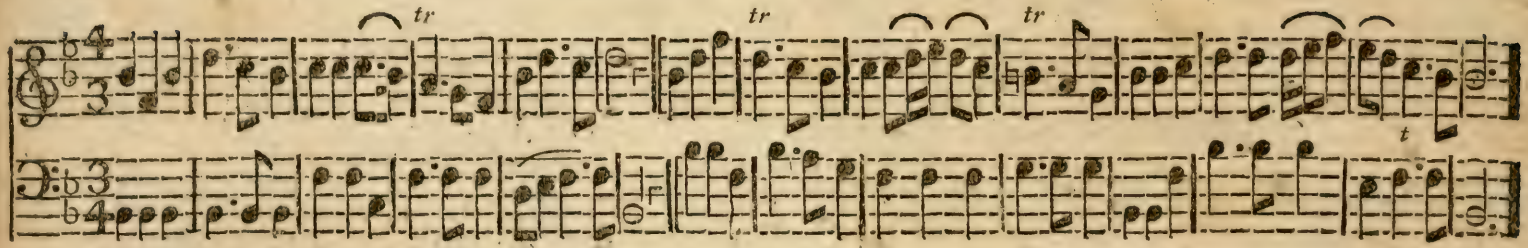
With joy thy people ſtand
On Zion's choſen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counſels of thy will.

Let ſtrangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compaſs and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.

The orders of thy houſe,
The worſhip of thy court,
The cheerful ſongs, the ſolemn vows,
And make a fair report.

How decent and how wiſe!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

The God we worſhip now,
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the ſky.



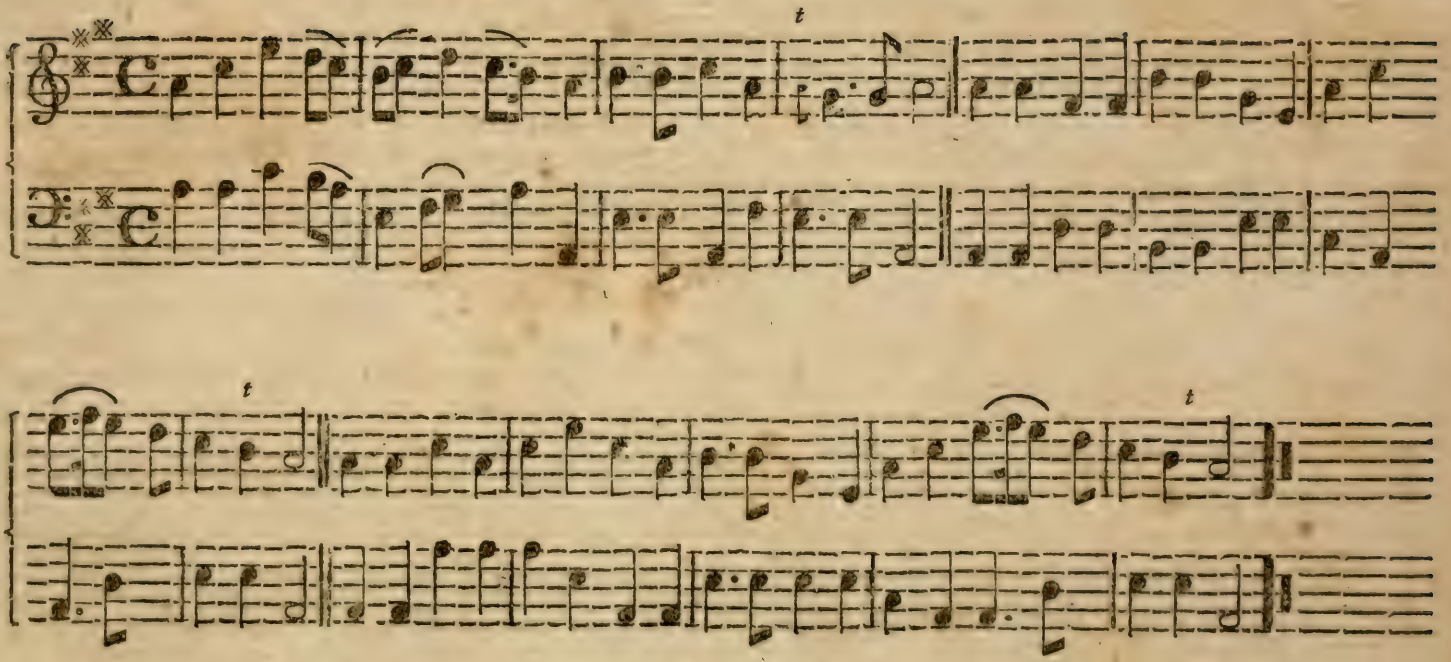
COME thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to ſing,
Help us to praiſe.
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

Jeſus, our Lord, ariſe,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall.
Let thine almighty aid,
Our ſure defence be made;
Our ſouls on thee be ſtay'd—
Lord, hear our call.

Come thou incarnate word,
Gird on thy mighty ſword,
Our prayers attend.
Come and thy people bleſs,
And give thy word ſucceſs;
Spirit of holineſs,
On us deſcend.

Come holy Comforter,
Thy ſacred witneſs bear,
In this glad hour.
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

To the great One in Three,
Eternal praiſes be,
Hence evermore.
His ſov'reign Majeſty,
May we in glory be,
And to eternity,
Love and adore.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Lo! he cometh, countleſs trumpets
Blow before the bloody ſign:
Midſt ten thouſand ſaints and angels,
See the crucified ſhine.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Welcome! welcome! bleeding lamb!

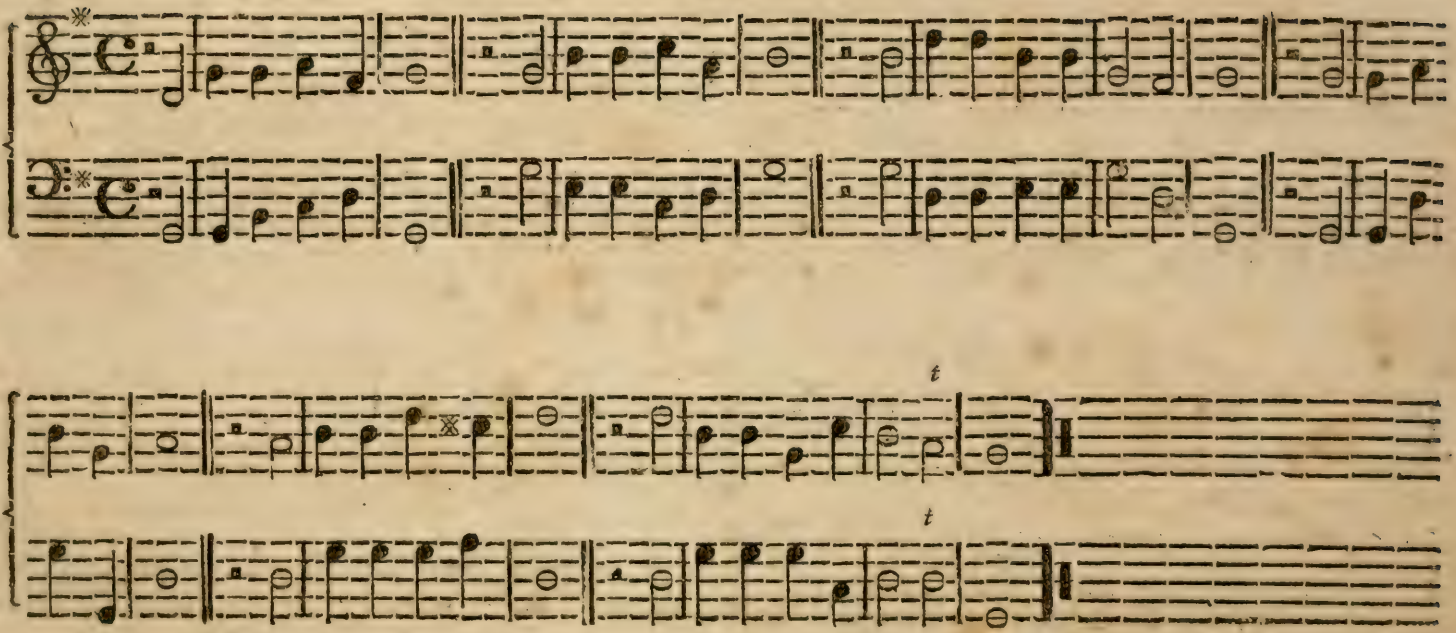
Now his merit by the harpers,
Thro' th' eternal deep reſounds:
Now reſplendant ſhine his nail-prints,
Every eye ſhall ſee his wounds.
They who pierc'd him, they who, &c.
Shall at his appearing wail.

Ev'ry iſland, ſea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth ſhall flee away;
All who hate him, muſt aſhamed
Hear the trump proclaim the day.
Come to judgment, come to judgment, &c.
Stand before the Son of Man.

Saints, who love him, view his glory
Shining in his bruiſed face;
His dear perſon on the rainbow,
Now his people's head ſhall riſe:
Happy mourners! happy mourners! &c.
Lo! in clouds he comes! he comes!

Now redemption, long expected,
See! in ſolemn pomp appear;
All his people, once rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Now the promis'd kingdom comes!

View him ſmiling, now determin'd
Ev'ry evil to deſtroy:
All the nations now ſhall ſing him
Songs of everlaſting joy.
O come quickly, O come, &c.
Hallelujah, come, Lord come.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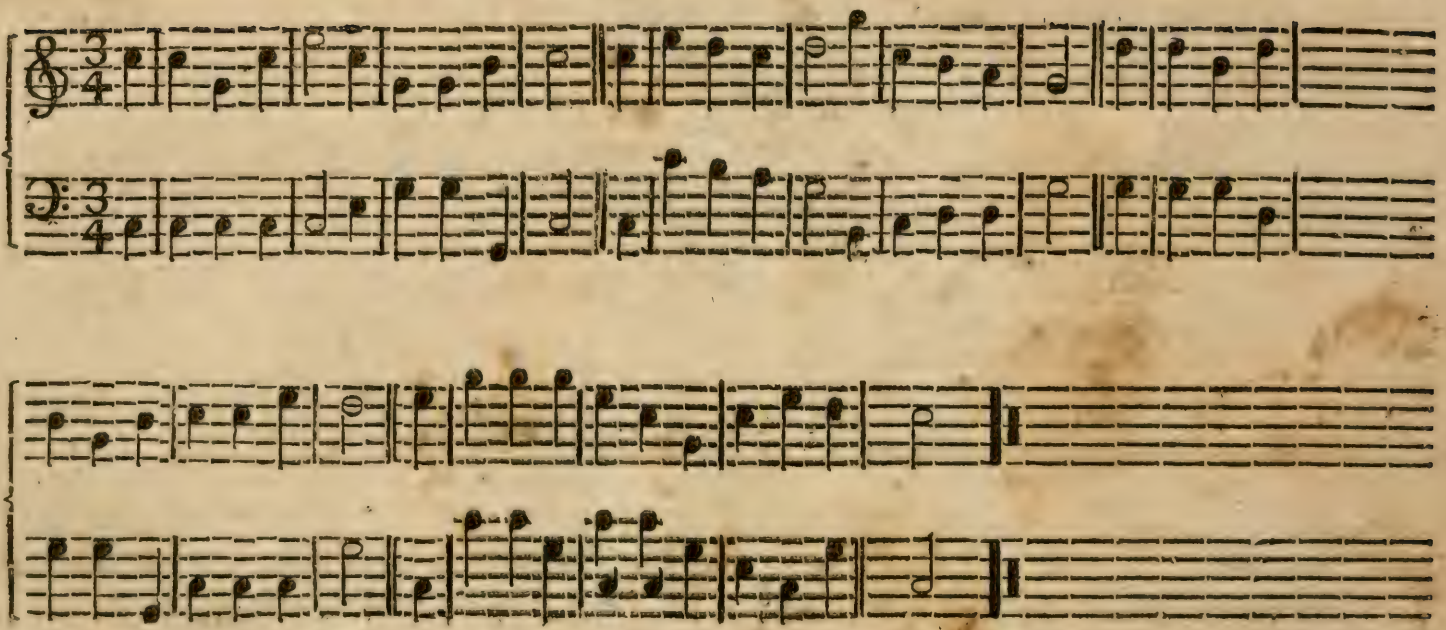
HOW pleas'd and bleſs'd was I
To hear the people cry,
Come let us ſeek our God to-day:
Yes—with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haſte to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of ſtrength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praiſe, and hear
The ſacred goſpel's joyful ſound.

There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne,
He ſits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the ſaints be glad,
He makes the ſinners ſad,
And humble ſouls rejoice with fear.

May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bleſs the ſoul of every gueſt;
The man that ſeeks thy peace,
And wiſhes thine increaſe,
A thouſand bleſſings on him reſt!

My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this ſacred houſe!
"For here my friends and kindred dwell;
"And ſince my glorious God
"Makes thee his bleſt abode,
"My ſoul ſhall ever love thee well."



Come ſinners attend and make no delay,
Good news from a friend I bring you to day,
Glad news of ſalvation come now and receive,
There's no comdemnation to them that believe.

Then only believe, and truſt in his name;
He will not deceive, nor put you to ſhame:
But fully ſupply you with all things in ſtore;
Nor will he deny you, becauſe you are poor.

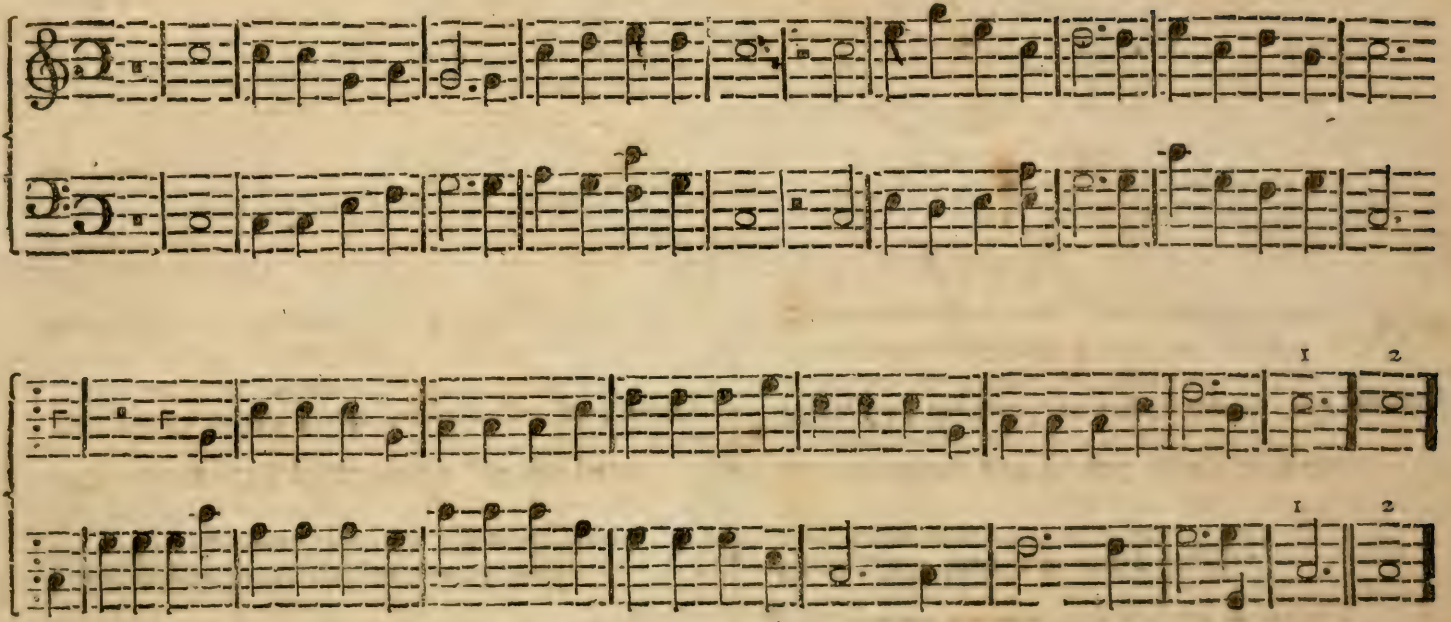
Now praiſe ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice,
His praiſe in the great aſſembly to ſing;
In our great Creator, let Iſrael rejoice,
And children of Zion be glad in their king.

Let them his great name extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp his praiſes expreſs;
Who always takes pleaſure his ſaints to advance,
And with his ſalvation the humble to bleſs.

By angels in heav'n of every degree,
And ſaints upon earth all praiſe be addreſt
To God in three Perſons, one God ever bleſt;
As it has been, now is, and always ſhall be.

Here, ſaith the Lord, ye angels, ſpread their thrones,
And near me ſet my fav'rites and my ſons;
Come, my redeem'd, poſſeſs the joys prepar'd
E'er time began,—'tis your divine reward

Rachel Davey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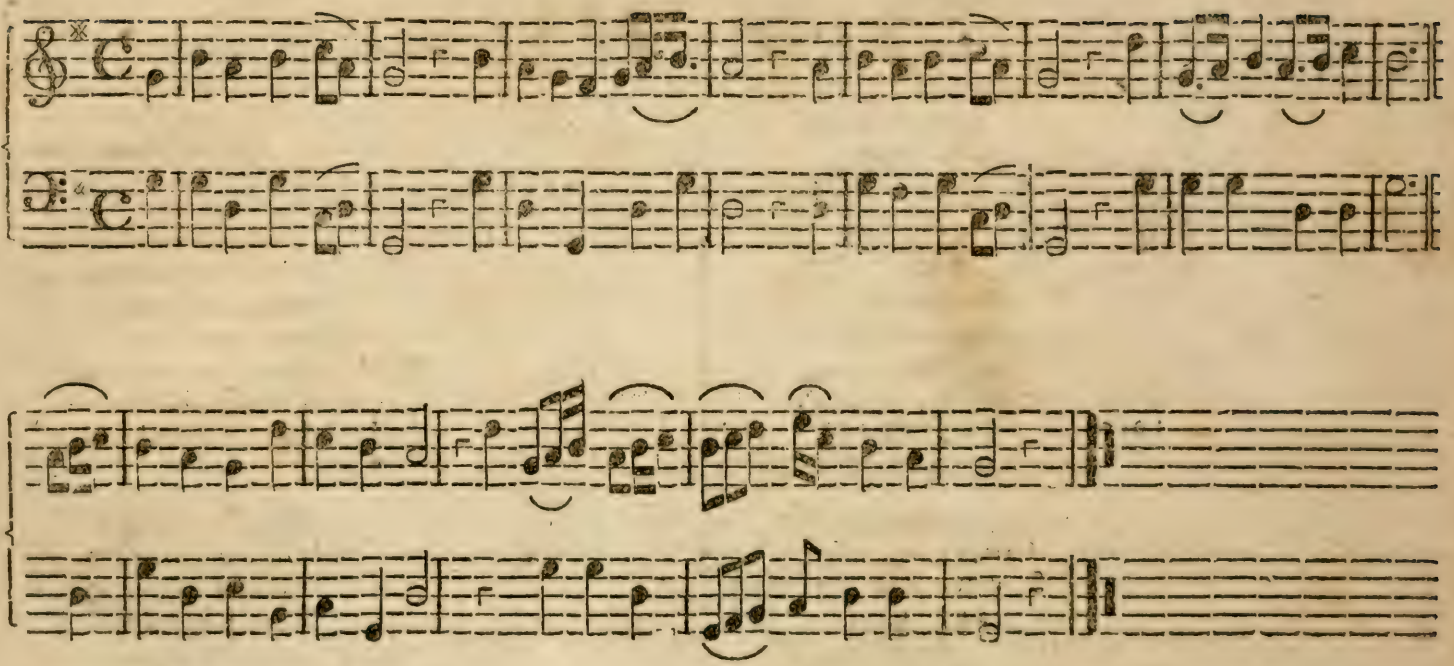
Ye tribes of Adam, join
With heav'n, and earth, and ſeas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praiſe.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the ſong.

The ſhining worlds above
In glorious order ſtand,
Or in ſwift courſes move
By his ſupreme command.
He ſpake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came,
To praiſe the Lord.

Virgins, and youths, engage
To ſound his praiſe divine,
While infancy and age
Their feeble voices join.
Wide as he reigns
His name be ſung
By ev'ry tongue,
In endleſs ſtrains.

Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taſte his love.
While earth and ſky
Attempt his praiſe,
His ſaints ſhall raiſe
His honours high.

Rachel



LORD of the worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aſpires,
With warm deſires,
To ſee my God.

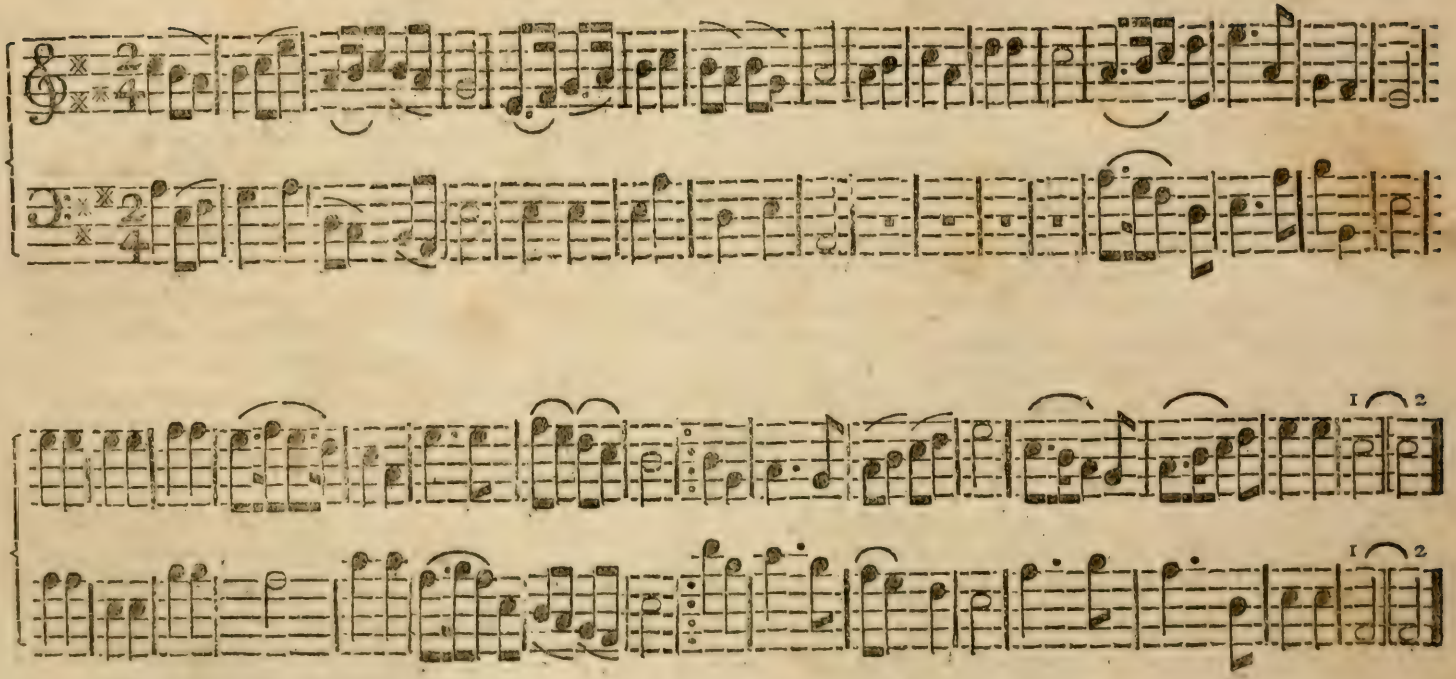
The ſparrow for her young,
With pleaſure ſeeks a neſt,
And wand'ring ſwallows long
To find their wonted reſt:
My ſpirit faints,
With equal zeal,
To riſe and dwell
Among thy ſaints.

O happy ſouls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their conſtant ſervice there!

They praiſe thee ſtill;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

They go from ſtrength to ſtrength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in heav'n appears.
O glorious ſeat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

To ſpend one ſacred day
Where God and ſaints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thouſand days beſide:
Where God reſorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than ſhine in courts.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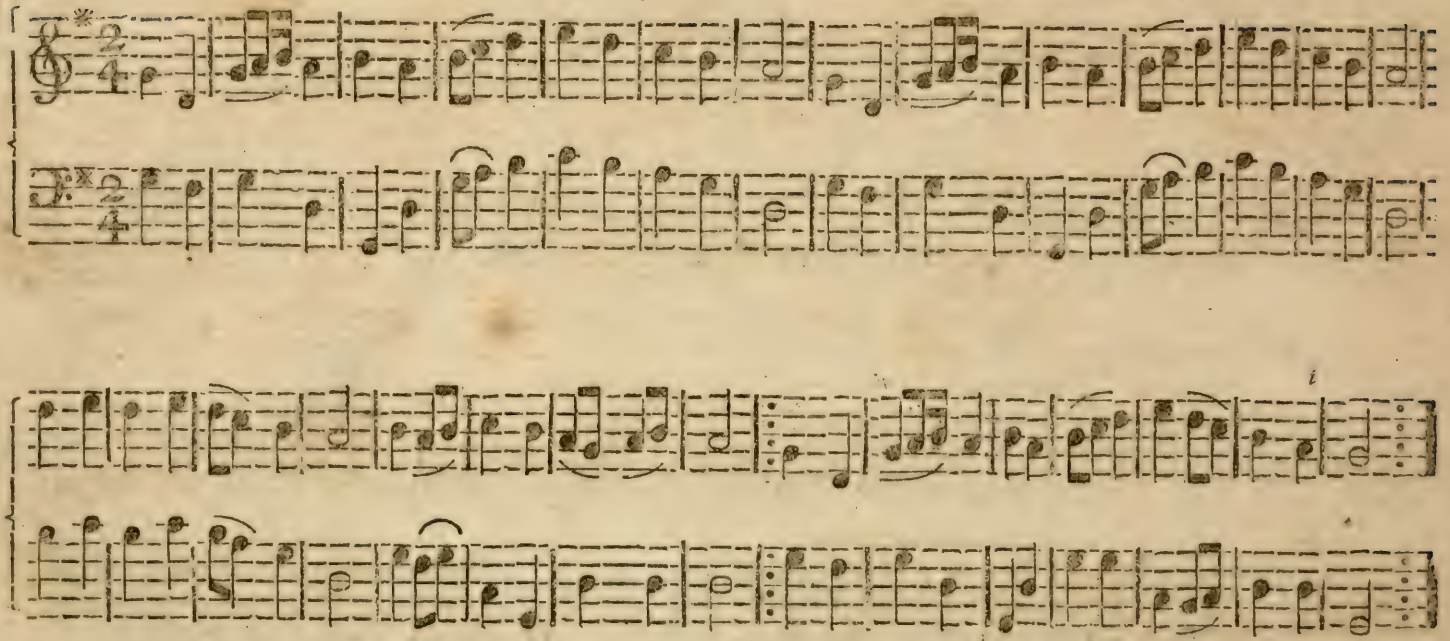
HAIL the day that ſees him riſe,
Raviſh'd from our wiſhful eyes!
Chriſt a while to mortals giv'n,
Re-aſcends his native heav'n.
There the pompous triumph waits:
"Lift your heads, eternal gates!
"Wide unfold the radiant ſcene,
"Take the King of glory in!"

Him though higheſt heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own:
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himſelf prepares our place;
Harbinger of human race.

Maſter (may we ever ſay)
Taken from our head to-day;
See thy faithful ſervants ſee,
Ever gazing up to thee!
Grant, though parted from our ſight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither riſe,
Foll'wing thee beyond the ſkies.

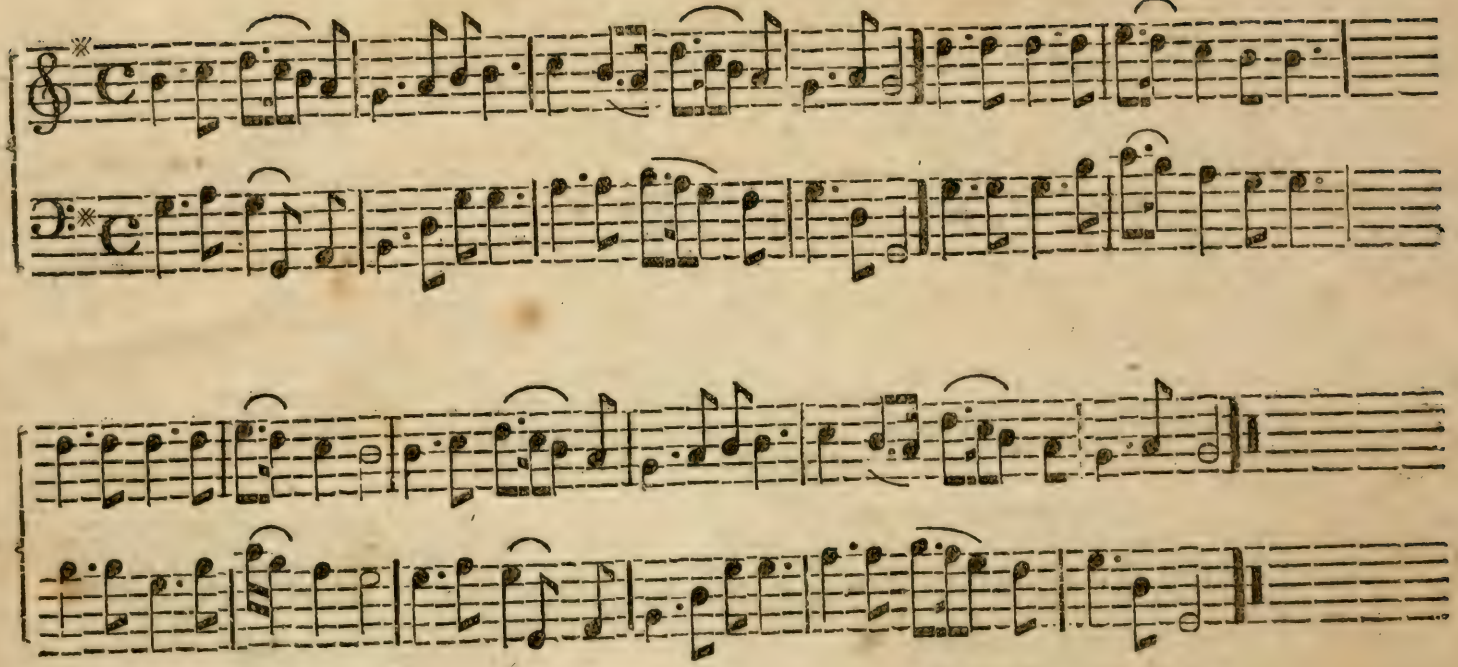
Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking, when our Lord ſhall come,
Longing, gaſping after home;
There we ſhall with thee remain;
Part'ners of this endleſs reign;
There thy face unclouded ſee,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.



RISE, my ſoul, and ſtretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace:
Riſe from tranſitory things,
Tow'rds heav'n, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and ſtars decay;
Time ſhall ſoon this earth remove:
Riſe, my ſoul, and haſte away
To ſeats prepar'd above.

§ Rivers to the ocean run,
§ Nor ſtay in all their courſe:
§ Fire aſcending ſeeks the ſun;
§ Both ſpeed them to their ſource.
§ So a ſoul that's born of God,
§ Pants to view his glorious face;
§ Upwards tends to his abode,
§ To reſt in his embrace.

Ceaſe, ye pilgrims, ceaſe to mourn;
Preſs onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the ſkies:
Yet a ſeaſon, and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n,
All our ſorrows left below
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

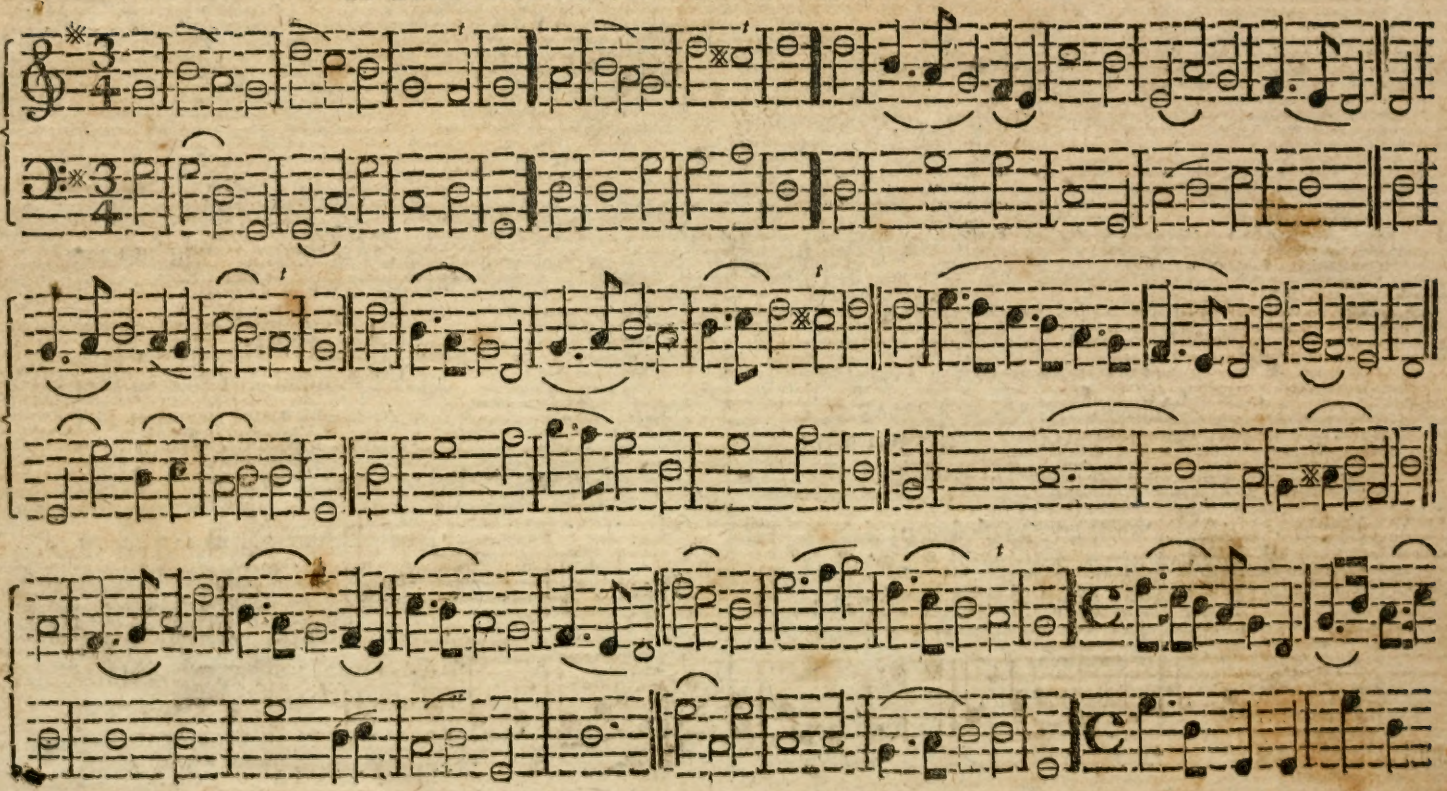


Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast,
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest.
Take away the power of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as it's beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave,
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

Finish then thy new creation,
Pure unspotted may we be,
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restor'd by thee;
Chang'd from glory into glory,
'Till in heaven we take our place,
'Till we cast our crown before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.



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